

# The Saturday News

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

VOL. V.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1910.

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## Note and Comment

The visit of a really distinguished artist like Melba, assisted as she was by a company, every member of which displayed talent of a very high order, is a public event of first rate importance. Progress is marked by something else than honest entries and bank clearings, and the fact that vast audiences have assembled at all the principal Western centres and tendered a most enthusiastic greeting to this great singer, makes us realize at what a rate the frontier is being moved back. Referring to the Edmonton concert, one could not help but be forcibly struck by the keen appreciation which was manifested. It is not hard to tell when a crowd is being bored. Yet there was no clap-trap about the programme. Are we justified in believing that popular taste is improving? There is much to lead one to reply in the affirmative. The opportunities of hearing great musicians themselves come seldom, but through the agency of the gramophone many have come under their spell, and the influence of this wonderful invention in cultivating a love for good music can hardly be overestimated. With the ordinary man or woman, the only way to come to appreciate the best in music is to hear it frequently. German children display talent along these lines beyond our own, because they are reared in a musical atmosphere, and the person who has heard Melba or Calve or Caruso frequently on a good gramophone is bound to enjoy their work or that of others of equal eminence, when they hear the living voice. Those who possess good instruments and good records will testify to the improvement in taste which they themselves have seen effected through them. A month or so with a gramophone in the house and high-class as well as inferior selections being given, produces some startling changes. The man, who at first went outside to smoke a cigar when grand opera was being given and who was all attention when ragtime was struck up, frequently begins after a week or so to talk about the beauties of the former and the worthlessness of the latter.

Melba herself was superb but she little realizes how much her triumph was prepared for her by the wonderful bits of mechanism that have in recent years gone out to clog the lone places of the West. Some one should perform for these humble instruments, by which the link with civilization is so effectually maintained, the service that Kipling did for the banjo. What better lines have been written than these:

By the bitter road the younger son must tread  
Ere he win to hearth and saddle of his own,  
Mid the riot of the shearers at the shed  
In the silence of the herder's hut alone—  
In the twilight, on a bucket upside down  
Hear me babble what the weakest won't confess—  
I am Memory and Torment—I am Town!  
I am all that ever went with evening dress!

If this can be said of the banjo, which after all is limited by the skill of the performer, what cannot be said of the gramophone. It is too modern a production to receive the praises it deserves?

The Melba programme was on the whole very well planned. The selections in English preponderated and were, as always, the most popular of the evening. And why shouldn't they be? Some eastern musicians criticized the inclusion of Tosti's "Good-bye" among Melba's numbers. But, familiar as it was to everyone, it thrilled the audience as nothing else did. So far as can be discovered the only objection to it is that it is written in English. The practice of discriminating against our own language has lately been the subject of considerable discussion among musicians. One of them makes a contribution in verse to the subject, a stanza of which runs:

I'm giving a recital in another week or two;  
I want to settle up my songs, and get the program through.  
I'm singing six in German, and another in Chinese;  
Italian, one; Norwegian, three; a thing in Portuguese;  
Two chansons (French); a Russian dirge; a song in modern Greek;  
One Esperanto comic (most refined and very "chic");

A folk-song air in double Dutch completes a first-class lot.  
What's that you say? No English? Well, I don't think! Rather not!

For a long while the idea prevailed that English had to be boycotted because it was an unmusical language. It was a pity the audiences had simply to guess what a singer was driving at but that fact could not for a moment be allowed to stand in the way of "art." Fortunately a month or so ago a man who occupies a foremost place in the world of opera and concert, David Bispham, went on record as to the folly of such an idea. In the course of an article in the Century Magazine he wrote:

"For singing there is nothing difficult about English; it is just as easy as any other language. Are not its vowels softer than German, and easier to pronounce and more rotund than French? Is it not as noble as Italian? All the arguments against it emanate from those who do not know it, or how to pronounce it either in song or speech. What is the objection to understanding what is sung?" asked Harris. Well, of course there could be none, only Fashion had not yet decreed the change.

"Not long ago one of the principal American ladies now singing in opera in New York was asked what her feeling was in regard to the use of the English language on the operatic stage. Her reply was that she thought the ideal would be best preserved by performing every opera in the language in which it was written, which doubtless is true; though ideal conditions are sometimes impossible of accomplishment, and always very expensive. I remarked that a number of works were accustomed to hearing in Italian were originally written in French texts,—

be dispensed with. There is so much to enjoy, why concern one's self about anything else?

"But is this attitude as sensible as it should be? The Italians in the gallery want to know what their idol on the stage is singing about, and the German declines to go to hear what he cannot understand. Why should not we?"

It is sincerely to be hoped that this plain talk from such a man will have a speedy effect and that the next time we hear Melba, her whole programme will be given in the language of the race of which she is herself so gifted a daughter.

Premier Sifton did exceedingly well to win out in Gleichen. His candidate, Mr. McArthur, in obtaining a majority of about 200, made a much better run than anyone expected under the circumstances. Mr. Riley was a candidate of local strength and resourcefulness and the constituency is in a purely party contest a close one. The fact that he could not win with the Conservative organization behind him as well as the dissatisfied element in the Liberal ranks, shows clearly that the latter is no longer of large proportions and that the premier has in the few months that he has been in office impressed the public as the right kind of a man to follow. Of course his real period of test is still ahead and few are inclined to render any final verdict in regard to him, but the great majority are convinced that he is well worth giving a chance to and that there is every prospect that he will furnish the province with the progressive and the stable government that it requires. The vote in McLeod went against the Liberal candidate, but the majority was small and the issue largely governed by local considerations. As is quite apparent from the reading of the reports of the speeches and of the pamph-

developed enough to make an appeal to the body of electors worth while and he resolved on establishing for the time being a dictatorship. The Cortes were dissolved. A movement against the government ensued, with the royal assassination in its train. Franco had to fly from the country and the new King restored the old constitutional arrangements, though those whom he took as his advisers attempted to carry out the policy of reform. Those opposed to this have now the upper hand and if they carry the day, there is every likelihood that the last state of Portugal will be much worse than the first. Even the most thorough democrats should, therefore, hesitate about greeting the revolution as a step in advance.

Incidentally, it might be mentioned that Portugal, while its area is small, has a population almost as large as that of Canada, and that Lisbon, its capital, is about the size of Toronto.

The sentence of death imposed at Barrie, Ont., upon a man and woman responsible for making way with an infant, is without precedent in Canada. If this is the case, it is well that a precedent has at last been established. To the fact that there has been so long a delay in doing so is undoubtedly due the enormous increase in child murders that has taken place. Why should there be one punishment for a person who kills a grown man or woman, who may have some chance of self-protection, and a less severe one for those who end the life of a defenceless child. It is taken for granted in the despatches that these Barrie murderers will have their sentences commuted. The department of justice has been open to a great deal of criticism for its leniency to capital cases in the past and if it takes this course now, it will be assuming a horrible responsibility.

Mr. Eugene Foss, who as the Democratic candidate made so sensational a win last winter of a Massachusetts congressional district that was a Republican stronghold, offers a suggestion which if adopted would help along the cause of reciprocity to a very considerable extent. "I believe," he said, "that it is the duty of the United States to reduce her duties to a level of those of Canada, as a basis upon which to negotiate. This would indicate our good faith and the Canadian Government would be more ready to treat with us under these circumstances."

There is no question that this is the first step that must be taken. Canada has a very reasonable tariff as compared with that of the United States and before there can be much hope of our making substantial reductions, our neighbors must make the move proposed by Mr. Foss. Then the two countries can talk business with some chance of an arrangement being arrived at that can be carried into effect.

Certain hints dropped by members of the British ministry are taken to mean that a general federal scheme is being considered. Speaking in Wales, Mr. Lloyd-George said, "Some of us may live to see with our own eyes a Wales that is independent and free; a Wales fearing God and fearing no one else." The Master of Elibank, chief liberal whip, had something of the same nature to say in Scotland, while at the Eighty Club Mr. Birrell spoke of the desirability of Home Rule all round.

"Such a federation at home," he declared, "would be able to find room for all the dominions over the sea when they wished to come in, and we should have a truly Imperial Parliament."

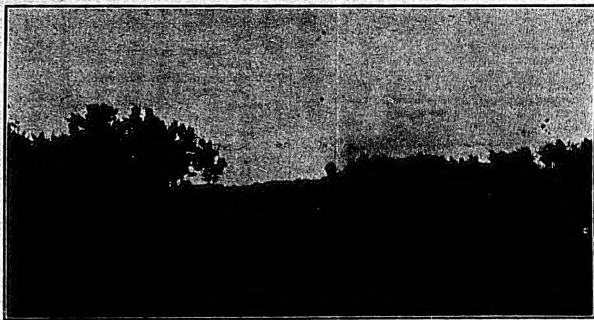
It is manifest that some such imperial scheme will have to be evolved, if the tie that unites the different British dominions is to be retained. Matters which concern one country alone must be dealt with by it alone, those of general concern being looked after by an imperial body. If this cannot be arranged, the Empire can be nothing but one of sentiment, and the problem of working it out becomes more pressing each year.

As further evidence that there is no room for pessimism in his part of the country, despite the false impression which certain reports have given in eastern centres, take the following from the Winnipeg correspondent of the Monetary Times:

"Crop returns show that the failure is partial, and confined to certain districts. Other sections—notably all of the northern parts—report excellent crops. These reports are given after actual threshing returns are received and discount any pessimistic talk. It is noted that there is little com-

(Continued on Page Four.)

## THE PEACE RIVER COUNTRY



On the trail north of Dunvegan, a view which gives a good idea of the general character of the country. (Photo by C. M. Burk, Edmonton.)

"Carmen" and "Faust," for example,—and asked how it was that the French "Mignon" had been sung the night before in Italian. She replied that it was "because the principal tenor declined to study the French text, and the rest of the cast was compelled to learn the work in his language." Another query was, "In what language do you sing in Berlin, where operas of all nationalities are brought forward?" The answer was: "Why, in German, of course; but that is because the Emperor commands it."

"I therefore take the word from her mouth and say, let the Emperor Public Opinion lift up his voice here and now, and issue his edict to this people that English shall henceforth be the medium of expression in at least one of the opera-houses of America."

"Not, what can be the reason that every language but our own is used? Simply that our artists will not, and foreign artists cannot, sing in English; or, vice versa, if it please either party better. Americans go abroad for a foreign hallmark, and come home stuffed with foreign phrases and unmanufactured names, having learned perhaps to sing in some other tongue, and having forgotten, if they ever knew, how to use their own."

"Few Americans go to see plays in a foreign language unless it be to patronize celebrated artists like Salvini, Duse, or Bernhardt. The opera has for many people a greater fascination than drama, for it employs the universal language of music. Besides the scenery and the costumes, there are the exquisite voices of the world's picked artists. For the average person, therefore, the meaning of the story may

lets scattered through the riding, it was Mr. Maunell, large rancher, rather than Mr. Maunsell, candidate supporting the administration, who was defeated.

Portugal is one of those European States in which we in this part of the world only take an interest when members of the royal family are assassinated, the King goes a-wooing, or a revolution breaks out. The latter condition has now arisen there, but just what has brought it about is somewhat difficult to determine. We are very apt to jump to the conclusion, wherever a King is driven from the throne that it is as a result of the long oppression of the people. This does not appear to be the case in Portugal. The trouble, which resulted in the assassination of the late King and the crown prince on February 1st, 1908 and of which this revolution is a further climax, arose from a really honest attempt to bring about an improvement in the financial and economic condition of the country, which had for many years been exceedingly bad. Ruin was facing it. A constitution prevailed but those elected by the people seemed to work only for their personal aggrandisement. In 1906 Joao Franco came to the premiership, and in the interest of public economy and official integrity instituted sweeping reforms. He was warmly supported by King Carlos but the members of the popular assembly, the Cortes, the majority of whom were in public life for what they would get out of it, blocked Franco at every turn. He felt that general political intelligence was not



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Come you home a hero,  
Or come not home at all,  
The lads you leave will mind you  
Till Ludlow tower shall fall.

And you will list the bugle  
That blows in lands of morn,  
And make the foes of England  
The sorry you were born.

And you till rump of doomsday  
On lands of morn may lie,  
And make the hearts of comrades  
Be heavy where you die.

A. E. HOUSMAN.

To be killed or wounded in warfare is the lot of a proportion of soldiers and most prefer to come through unscathed, but during the recent manoeuvres in England it seems the dead and wounded had the best of it. The army medical corps demonstrated the practical efficiency of the medical organization, and the victims of the battlefield enjoyed and it is to be hoped, appreciated their work which lasted three days. Several humorous incidents occurred. Long before the battle was ended the regimental surgeons, after a preliminary dressing on the field, began sending wagon loads of wounded men to the rear for further treatment while the stretcher-bearers were collecting the wounded.

Three stretcher patients were carried to the operating tent for treatment. In five minutes two of the patients reappear on their stretchers and are gently laid beside two others waiting men on a straw-covered hay wagon, commandeered from a neighboring farmer. In another moment the third stretcher—empty—is carried out of the operating tent and returned to the wagon.

Private Kelly's wound has resulted fatally, and the stretcher must be used again. Realism was the keynote of the day's proceedings. As in real warfare no further provision would have to be made for Private Kelly's transportation of rations, none had been made here. His glee at being dead, and so finished with the manoeuvres, was changed to dismay when he learned that he had to walk to his camp, some eleven miles and then report at once to his barracks.

Among a batch of wounded brought in was a private of the Suffolk Regiment, whose wound label was marked: "Jaw shattered by shrapnel." He looked so abjectly miserable, with only his eyes and nose appearing through his bandages, that the captain in charge turned on him first. "Are you really injured, then?" he asked. "No, sir," said the man, saluting briskly, "but we were told to get dinner here, and unless you'll let me take all this off I can't get my mouth open."

The "unit for transports," as needed, the greatest attention from the ambulance men, entered fully into the spirit of the game. These men were meant to be suffering from penetrating wounds of the abdomen. Experience in real warfare has taught that such cases stand the best chance of recovery if left undisturbed for twenty-four hours until their wounds have automatically healed.

On Monday the duty of lying at ease for hours on a comfortable stretcher in the shade while his comrades manoeuvred over the sun-scorched plain was greatly appreciated by the lucky "unit for transports." Tuesday's driving rain, however, made his lot less pleasant and led to many complications.

In the middle of a particularly heavy downpour one of the stretcher bearers reported to his captain that three "unit for transports" he had marked on the field persisted in crawling—under their stretchers to keep off the rain. "They are almost drowned as it is," he added. "Couldn't they be dead now so we could use their stretchers for collecting some of the 'sitting-up's' who are getting awfully restless waiting to be brought in?"

Wagons for transporting the dressed cases from the tent division to the railroad at the camp were in great demand. One medical sergeant, after securing one, hurriedly lined up a squad of injured and began calling the roll. The first name was answered by a private of the Munsters, who was lying on a stretcher smoking a cigarette.

"Get into the wagon," said the sergeant.

"Not me," came the answer. "I am dead, and I am not to move till dinner time."

For years one of the sights of Constantinople has been the army of dogs which have infested the streets. There was an unwritten canine law which kept them confined to their particular lane or street and were bearded any dog that strayed into or invaded another section. Their chief use was scavenging as they ate up all the offal and garbage. The Turks, who will not harm animal life, decided to remove them and the unfortunate animals were netted and were reported to an island where their sufferings have created much indignation among the lovers of dogs. A visitor to the island writes as follows:

"Owing to the interest taken in the unfortunate pariah dogs of Constantinople, it was recently stated that the municipal authorities had finally resolved to put an end to the sufferings of those poor beasts by poisoning them and having them buried in quicklime."

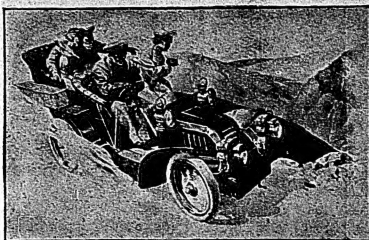
Unfortunately nothing of the kind has as yet been done. It is curious fact that while the ordinary Turk considers it inhuman to kill a dog, he appears to be quite indifferent to the animal's sufferings while it lives.

I visited the day before yesterday, the island of Ochia, in the Sea of Marmora, the place of exile of the dogs. A picture of misery and desolation met our eyes. Dead and dying animals were to be seen everywhere. I saw dogs eating their dead companions.

In the midst of the dead, dying, and emaciated dogs, there were many which still preserved their robust and fit appearance, but the lack of fresh water will doubtless bring these to the same stage as the others. These are some half-dozen men on the island who feed the dogs twice a day, for which purpose bread is imported weekly. The dogs are quieter and seem more resigned. They greeted us on landing by wagging their tails and brushing up against us, as if to say, "Take us away from this inhospitable place." Several tried to swim behind the dinghy when we were leaving the island, but soon had to abandon their attempt owing to the weak condition. The death-rate of the is about 200 a day.

An industry has been started on the island by a Frenchman, who skins the dead carcasses and boils them for the purpose of extracting the bones, both skin and bones being exported to Europe.

THE SATURDAY NEWS



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"IF" (Ridyard Kipling, in October American Magazine)

"If you can keep your head when all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;

If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
But make allowances for their doubting, too;

If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
Or being lied about don't deal in lies,

Or being hated, don't give way to hating,  
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise.

"If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;

If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;  
If you can meet with triumph and disaster

And treat those two imposters just the same;

If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,

Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,  
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

"If you can make a head of all your winnings  
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,

And lose, and start again at your beginnings  
And never breathe a word about your loss;

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
To serve your turn long after they are gone,

And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
Except the will which says to them: 'Hold on!'

"If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch;

If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,  
If all men count with you, but none too much;

If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,

Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,  
And what is more—you'll be a man, my son!"

**NAMING TOWNS IN THE WEST**

The naming of towns is the worst thing the west does. To read them over in the columns of a postal guide as they appear from month to month, is enough to make one's ears burn with shame.

They are certainly not the echoes of that anonymous universal voice that has given a name to trees and flowers, to bread and wine. They seem selected haphazard for personal reasons, often singularly inappropriate.

To be commercially successful a town should have a name of irresistible and moving eloquence.

Such names as Athabasca, Kananaskis, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, and Wetsaskwin are full of sounding vocables, and share with Minnehaha the poetic and picturesque names of the continent. Look at the successful cities of the west and note how their names have helped their development: Rex of Regina, Roi of Regina—rightdoers; we bow before the myrtle crown and the stainless sceptre of womanhood. Winnipeg is a name of ancient lineage signifying a hole in the ground. It has euphony and romance, although Winnipegian sounds seriously like a wooden leg. Edmonton pronounced trippingly on the tongue, sounds like a jangle of wild bells that would suit admirably the tune of Bow Bells, with its re-

frain: "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London." It has also the aesthetic associations of Coleridge, Charles Lamb, and Keats, who lived in this metropolitan suburb in the old country. Calgary is a mouthful of resonant vowels. Calgary stands foursquare with the irresistible breadth of Shakespearean. The latter sounds like the voice of the sea and the former like the voice of a mountain torrent.

By the side of these great names Okotoks has a sound of morbid comedy that has been used with pathetic frequency by itinerant comedians as a byword for the last twenty years. Medicine Hat and Moose Jaw are in the same category and equally inappropriate. The modern theory that a name does not matter is a mistake. A foolish name may wreck anything.

Dante was the only poet who dared to trifle with such a name as Matilda; Wordsworth loosed Byron's satire when he selected the name of Peter Bell for immortality. It is not for a moment to be supposed that the name Mary Jane, beautiful and suggestive though it is, would fill an historical name like Cleopatra.

Don't leave the world like an unfinished suburb, nor delay it any longer on its march for the want of a little foresight at these christening functions—Calgary Herald.

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When Chance, Romance, and a brave free lance  
Kept all the roads of circumstance,  
Those were the days of gold,  
When a maiden sweet,  
With a dragon meet  
For chaperone, strange knight would  
Upon the lonesome wold.  
Now, you know, few of our stunts go  
Through  
Just as we really want them to,  
And we're trembly around the knees,  
We nearly drop  
When a strolling cop  
In the park says: "Spoonin' has got  
to stop,  
So beat it, if you please."  
Yes, at times in rymes, we sigh  
For the climes  
Where the wind brings the cadence of  
chapel chimes  
For castles on countless hills,  
For a maid in distress,  
(That's the business!)  
These days all we do is to hook up a  
dress  
And settle some little bills.  
—W. Edson Smith in October Smart  
Set.

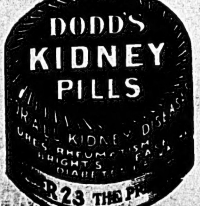
### STARLAND

It is only by always giving fine  
programme that this theatre has at-  
tained its high position among the  
public. When we review the bills of  
the last and this week's, this fact is  
impressed upon us. "The Weekly  
Gazette" was lively and entertaining,  
touching lightly upon topics of genu-  
ine interest. For American Ro-  
mances, "Papinta" and a "Central  
American Romance" are certainly  
head liners. Filled with the dash  
and freedom of the rugged country,  
they both fascinate and educate.  
"Gold is Not All" was a beautiful  
symbolical drama contrasting the  
lives of the rich and the poor. These  
life sketches form perfect picture-ser-  
mons and are great favorites among  
the audiences. The dramatization of  
Beauchamp's "Mule Driver" caused quite  
a sensation. This is a splendid way  
of becoming acquainted with good  
literature, presenting as it does a  
true interpretation of the author's  
idea. Among the special for this  
week's Friday and Saturday are Dr.  
Crippen's arrival at Liverpool por-  
tayed in the Gazette, and Shakes-  
peare's Hamlet.

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Fall Staff is as follows: Vocal De-  
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Ottawa Conservatory of Music);  
Mr. Ernest Butterworth, (pupil of  
Prof. John Acton, B.A.); Hours 4.30  
to 9 p.m. Piano and Harmony: Miss  
Jean McIsaac, (pupil of J. D. Tripp,  
Toronto); Violin Department: Mr.  
T. W. Irving, Theory, Organ and  
Wind Instruments.

W. Harry Waits, Director. Box  
899. Phone 2554.



In a small town such as Edmonton  
it isn't hard to figure out a man's prob-  
able income. The average man, we  
will say, who comes before the public  
makes, roughly speaking, three thou-  
sand a year. Out of that he must pay  
everything, educate his children, feed  
and clothe a family, house them, and  
buy their luxuries.

To-day I have had at least a dozen  
maids call, in response to an ad. for  
a general servant.

Most of them demanded twenty dol-  
lars a month, with no washing or iron-  
ing. That means at least two dollars  
a week extra, for the one item alone.

Most of the applicants could cook "a  
little." That means—what? Waste  
incalculable.

Now figure up your house rent, the  
levies made on you for insurance,  
taxes, clothes, doctor's and dentist's  
bills, and the thousand and one other  
items, office rent, office help, and so  
on, and where do most of the Three  
Thousand Dollar Men get off at?

I confess it's a Chinese puzzle to me.  
Yet these same people are the very  
ones who are loudest in their demands  
that they must keep up their position,  
and that train their daughters to a life  
of idleness. Who would sooner be  
thought genteel, than keep their peace  
of mind by doing what they could man-  
age easily, their own work.

I confess to you that from my own  
experience I don't believe there are  
very many of us in town who can af-  
ford to keep a maid, as service goes  
at present.

How many of us have girls who care  
a twopenny bit for the household ex-  
penditure of the family? How many  
are careful of the dishes they use, of  
the kitchen supplies? Only a few of  
the treasures in the possession.

I not long ago had a girl whose  
record of dishes broken and waste  
generally would keep an ordinary fam-  
ily.

No, appeal I could make to her of  
how carefully we must manage, could  
move her a particle. Asked if they  
would waste at home what she threw  
out here, she would have the impu-  
dence to tell me, "Of course not."

Remonstrated with for smashing  
dishes wholesale, she would remark  
that "she didn't have to pay for them."  
Of course there are girls and girls;  
girls of nice feeling, and others who  
haven't a particle. It seems to me  
that the general trend is for them to  
lay emphasis on what they "don't do,"  
rather than their attempting to display  
any real interest in their work or the  
home.

And so to-day instead of laying  
stress on keeping up an unenviable po-  
sition, I think we would all be the bet-  
ter, and our homes the happier, if we  
set about teaching our daughters to  
help themselves.

Let them begin where we began, and  
their grandmothers before them—and  
were none the worse for it—making a  
home. If a boy has to commence  
where his father left off, well it's a  
sad day for lovers I'm thinking, and  
if a girl marries to keep up the posi-  
tion she has had in her father's house,  
Young Man, take my word for it, you  
and better leave her alone altogether.

In conclusion, take my word for it,  
expensive lace curtains very often shut  
out a world of heartaches and hide  
many family skeletons; while the sim-  
ple frilly muslin ones, as frequently  
close a world of love and true hap-  
piness.

He came to the desert of London town  
Gray miles long,  
He wandered up and he wandered  
down,  
Singing a quiet song.

There thousands and thousands of hu-  
man kind  
In this desert of brick and stone;  
But some were dead and some were  
blind,  
And he was there—alone.

Does it ever strike you what a lot of  
"Laziness" wanders about the streets  
of Edmonton, work in your office, or  
bump up against you at unexpected  
corners.

While the orchestra played dreamily  
the refrain of a popular waltz on Fri-  
day night, a Man told me of two in-  
cidents that had called his attention to  
the circumstance.

First he was out on a shooting ex-  
pedition. With the party was a man,  
picked up somewhere, who went along  
as cook.

And they ate his well-cooked din-  
ners, and they saw the man go in and  
out among them, and they never trou-  
bled to enquire who or what he was—  
until one night, leaving dinner just  
ready to be served, he disappeared.

They they got to speculating first  
where he was, why he was absent, last  
who he could be. Before that he was  
just a man, now he assumed an iden-  
tity. Why had he disappeared? Had  
he good reasons for absconding himself?  
What had occurred during the prepara-  
tion of that meal to make him go away  
so mysteriously and never return.

And you may take it as gospel that  
they searched for his footmarks in the  
sand with far more interest than they  
had ever dreamed of displaying in him  
—the man himself. Even they got to  
wondering if he mightn't have had  
some object in preparing their food,  
and other wild things. To none of  
which they got any answer.

Well he came home, this Man who  
told me the tale, and a clerk in his  
office handed him a telegram "So and  
so is dead," it announced. And the  
Man looked up and said, "Well, what  
is the thunder is that to me. I don't know  
him."

"Yes, but it's my brother," answered  
his office man.

"Sorry," said the Man, "didn't know  
you had one. Of course, go, glad to  
do anything I can to help you."

But because there were circum-  
stances connected with the affair that  
made it necessary for his clerk to con-  
fide in him at this time, my friend in  
half an hour learned more of his man's  
life and family affairs than he had in  
all the years during which they had  
been associated in business. He, too,  
took on an identity.

"Just had a boy up to dinner who  
told me he hadn't had a meal in a  
private house in three years," another  
woman confided at the same dance.

"Awfully nice boy, too."  
How narrow our lives! How selfish  
are the interests of the majority of us?  
All about us these "Somebody" boys  
and girls, and how seldom we even  
ask who they are, why they are here,  
or do we miss them when they go.

Dr. Hewitt's lecture in Edmonton  
last Thursday on "His Sauciness, the  
Qu," strikes me as another excellent  
illustration of carrying coats to New-  
ville. Imagine any one flatter-  
ing himself that he could tell Edmontonians  
anything they didn't already know  
about the individualities that fill  
the air about this time, blinding the  
innocent pedestrian as he sallies  
forth for a ramble, to the common  
little garden variety, we dignify by  
the affectionate term of the "house-  
fly."

A fly by any other name would  
be as objectionable. Surely, we of  
this far western city, need no wise  
profs. to tell us of his breed or habits.  
Why, I, even I, could add a little to  
the learned Professor's knowledge on  
the subject. I may not know, it is  
quite true all the Latin aliases under  
which my arch-enemy, masquerades

"I know him, and by day hear  
flighty oghomen would despise him  
quite as much.

Sometimes I have thought he was  
an alarm clock—say at five a.m.  
when he began his matin buzz. At  
other times he has tricked me into  
believing that he was a murderer,  
and I a blood-hound on his track;  
I have known him play possum in a  
well-cooked dinner and I have seen  
him trick a baker into popping him  
into loaf of bread for a currant.

He has left footprints, if not on the  
sands of time, at least on many a  
spotless surface. He is a rank Social-  
ist and believes that if a cat may look  
at a king, a fly can go one further,  
and tantalize him.

He is all things to all men. A  
swear word to a man with a vocabu-  
lary, and a pinch in the flesh, to  
many a goody righteous, sober, and  
industrious fellow who is striving  
earnestly to stick to the straight and  
narrow way. Insignificant as he is,  
he never fails to make his presence  
felt. From the Head of the House  
to the baby, he is a constant factor in  
our daily lives.

### HOME AND SOCIETY

Mrs. Sydney B. Woods will receive  
on every Monday of this month, and  
afterwards on every Monday except  
the first in the month.

Mrs. Cautley is resuming her former  
reception days, the second and  
fourth Tuesdays of the month.

Mrs. Barnes has changed her re-  
ception day to the second Tuesday,  
and will receive on Tuesday next at  
her new residence, 466 Fifteenth  
street.

Miss Mary Landry left for her  
home in Dorchester, N.B., on Thurs-  
day, after having spent the summer  
months with her brother, Mr. Hector  
Landry, and at the Coast.

On Wednesday Mr. Jim MacKin-  
non had a dinner of twenty covers in  
his honor, at the King Edward Hotel,  
when Mrs. Billy Hefferman and Mrs.  
Frank Smith were the chaperones.

Mrs. Thomas Davies was the hostess  
of a small little tea on Wednes-  
day afternoon in honor of Mrs. Fred  
Booth of Ottawa, who arrived in  
town with Mrs. Davies' younger sister  
early early in the week.

Mrs. Sifton and Mrs. Clarke Dennis  
were in town on Wednesday, but  
left for Calgary on Thursday morning  
not to return until Sunday.

Mrs. Swaisland has her mother,  
Mrs. Metcalfe, of Fort Hope, with  
her on a visit, and was one of the  
smart hostesses who had a jolly lit-  
tle supper after the Melba concert.

Mrs. Pardee had a smart dinner  
party the same evening, the guests  
later going on to hear Melba.



## HASSAN

Cork Tipped

## Cigarettes

The Oriental Smoke

Ten for ten cents

Smokers have caught on to their low price  
and fine quality

Miss Potter leaves shortly to re-  
sume her vocal studies in Toronto.  
Her friends in town will wish for her  
"grand success" in her chosen art.

and I am sure if she can withstand  
the temptation to have a good "little  
red" apply herself, she will surely at-  
tain it. Nothing was ever yet won  
without hard work, and even so lovely  
a voice as Miss Potter possesses,  
is only brought to a complete triumph  
by months and years of the most ar-  
duous exertion. Some day, who  
knows, we may all be looking for-  
ward as we are to-night to Melba, to  
a concert given by this Edmonton  
girl. Good-bye and good luck.

Mrs. Sydney B. Woods has a  
charming young cousin, Miss Martin,  
of Hamilton, visiting her, who I pre-  
dict will be one of the belles of the  
golf club dance.

"I think of it Mr. Woods leaves  
at this month end for London, where  
he is to appear before the Privy  
Council of England in the C. P. R.  
taxation case. On his return trip  
he had a very grand time, indeed,  
meeting no end of distinguished men,  
and being entertained on a royal  
scale. Doubtless his return trip will  
be no less enjoyable, and that he may  
win his case will be the hope of a  
very wide circle of friends and ad-  
mirers.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Cross are ex-  
pected home early in the week.

Mr. Harry Evans and his bride (nee  
Miss Jackson, of Toronto) returned

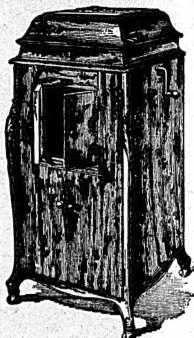
from their honeymoon on Thursday  
with Mr. and Mrs. Grenfell in their  
private car from the East.

The announcement on Wednesday  
that His Honor Lieutenant Governor  
and Mrs. Bulyea will continue for an-  
other term at Government House,  
gave a great deal of satisfaction to a  
wide circle of friends. By her sweet  
and gracious personality, her kind-  
ness and simple unaffected manners,  
Mrs. Bulyea has managed to fill a  
very trying position in a most ac-  
ceptable way; while His Honor, I  
have no doubt, despite recent tur-  
bulent times, has come through the  
 ordeal with such flying colors that  
ever his few traducers can find no  
fault with either him or the conduct  
of his office.

Mrs. Donald Macdonald expects to  
leave for Edmonton about the 10th of  
this month. Miss Lena Kerr of Co-  
lour, her sister, is coming out with  
her for a visit.

Two popular young hostesses re-  
ceived at the ten-hour last Friday af-  
ternoon. Mrs. E. F. Shcock, whose  
always charming home never looked  
lovelier, wore a most attractive gown  
of pearl grey crepe-de-chine. Mrs.  
Wallace Macdonald presided at the  
coffee urn, while Mrs. J. D. Hyndman  
poured tea and Miss Worsley served  
the teas. Miss Taylor, Miss Cobbett  
and Miss Brown were the attentive  
assistants.

(Continued on page four)



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## APPROPRIATE MUSIC FOR ALL OCCASIONS

played in a way to delight the soul of a true musician—whether it be beautiful scored  
music rendered with true religious feeling, the stirring strains of a great military  
band, the charming melody of an instrumental quartette, the thrilling notes of a  
Caruso or a Melba in the rendition of an operatic masterpiece, or the side splitting  
merriment of a Music Hall Star, it is all there at the turn of a hand for the owner of a

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All that is best in the world of music, song and story is brought to your own  
freedom and brought in a manner so natural and lifelike, so complete and convincing  
that you must needs pinch yourself to know that the great musicians of the world  
are not standing before you. Don't take our word for it. Go to-day to the nearest  
Berliner Victor Dealer and he will gladly play for you, without obligation, any of  
the 3000 selections in the Victor Catalogue.

There is a Victor or Berliner Gram-o-phone to suit every purse and easy pay-  
ments can be arranged if desired.

Victor Records are both single and double sided. Quality the same, buy  
double-sided if the combination suits you.

SINGLE SIDED RECORDS, 75c.  
DOUBLE " " 90c. FOR THE TWO.

Sample by mail on receipt of price and 10c. for postage. Catalogue of Gram-  
o-phones and over 3000 selections free by mail.

### HERE'S A FEW OF THE LATEST OFFERINGS.

2975—"That Penny Race" Victor Quartet 10 inch 75c.	8846—"Gloconda" Cleo & Max Victor Quartet 12 inch \$1.00
3172—"Love Divine" Myrah-Macdonough 12 inch \$1.00	64136—"Annie Laurie" McCannock 10 inch \$1.00
10 inch Double Sided Records 50c. for the Two.	PURPLE LABEL 60023—"What good is water when you're dry?" 12 inch \$1.00

Know to-day what this superb entertainer has in store for you, and  
"BE SURE TO HEAR THE VICTROLAS"

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\$15.00  
Up







Frederick Clarke in "The Manxman" at the Empire Theatre, three nights commencing Thursday, October 13th.

## Home and Society

(Continued from page three)

Further west, Mrs. R. A. Robertson, looking particularly dainty and happy in a flowered voile gown, greeted many friends. Receiving with her was Miss Farley in blue crepe. At the tea-table Mrs. Strong and Mrs. Ghieslin did the honors. Mrs. Mercer serving the ices. The assistants were Mrs. Hugh Campbell, the Misses Sommerville, Miss Richardson and Miss Cameron. With the soft light of candles and beautiful flowers everywhere, the cosy home looked particularly inviting.

Mrs. J. J. Anderson, of Edmonton, was one of the guests at a dinner given on Tuesday evening in Winnipeg this week by Mr. and Mrs. John B. Pers, the marriage of whose daughter to Mr. Harry Gooderham is the chief social event of the week in the Manitoba capital.

## NOTES AND COMMENT.

(Continued from Page One)

plaints from the farmers; that those who talk most despondingly are the men who have no crops, except the crop of profit that they reap from the farmer's products. All men engaged in business in the West agree that the year has been the best they ever had. On this point Mr. Norman A. Howie, general manager for Messrs. J. O. McLaughlin, Ltd., said that the business of his house has increased from 40 to 60 per cent. this year. Mr. Howie's statement being one of many of like import. It is interesting to note how few failures there have been in Western Canada during the year, while the number of new business concerns starting up is a good sign.

Another and the greatest tragedy of all has been added to the long list that marks the short history of the science of aviation. Beside that of Senor Chavez, the leader of other bird-men are dwarfed. No one can doubt of the vast progress which has been made after a man has flown for a distance of seventy miles over the peaks of the Alps, reaching a height at times of eight thousand feet. After such an accomplishment to have an accident take place less than a hundred feet from the ground at almost the exact spot where it was intended to land, resulting in the death of the daring young Peruvian, was a strange play of fate.

## CANNED CLASSICS

"Jane Eyre"

(After Charlotte Bronte)  
By Harry Graham in The Century

Mine was a cruel fate indeed,  
An orphan, sensitive and small,  
Condemned from infancy to lead  
A wretched life with Mrs. Read.  
My aunt, at Gateshead Hall,  
I never knew a moment's fun  
After I reached the age of one.

Through nights of fear and days of doom,  
I scratched and bit, I fought and cried;  
What hours I spent of rage and gloom,  
When aunt confined me in the room  
Where Uncle Read had died!  
Till on a happy scheme I hit,  
And had an epileptic fit.

To convalescence rudely nursed,  
Despatched by coach to Lowood School,  
With other orphans there coerced  
Who kept an iron rule,  
By brutal Mr. Brocklehurst,  
I reached in misery and tears,  
What folks entitle "Ripper years."

A governess I next became,  
Employed by a provincial squire—

Edward F. Rochester by name—  
A person whom, I stoutly claim,  
To know was to admire.  
How well he rode and sang and swore!  
Each day I loved him more and more.

My eyes would fill with happy tears  
To see him in the saddle spring;  
At concerts he surpassed his peers,  
And when he sang "Oh, dry those tears!"

I wept like anything,  
And then his language! I declare,  
'Twas quite a treat to hear him swear.

Beneath his roof I dwelt content,  
Concealing symptoms of surprise  
On meeting as I bedward went,  
A shrouded figure giving vent,  
To weird, unearthly cries;  
Though when it bit a fellow-guest,  
I deemed it proper to protest.

Once, too, a sudden smell of fire,  
Awoke me, on a summer's night,  
And, donning suitable attire,  
I hastened to arouse the squire,  
And found his bed alight.  
His sheets were simply sheets of flame,  
Which seemed to me a burning shame.

When shyly I inquired the cause,  
My brusque employer merely laughed.

"It was, no doubt, my lantern jaws  
That lit those curtains, made of gauze,  
That shield me from the draft;  
Or else I may have been," he said,  
"Light-headed when I went to bed."

In grateful tones he then confessed  
That I had somehow saved his life,  
And, as he finished getting dressed,  
Implored, (while buttoning his vest)  
That I would be his wife.  
"I love you, Jane," he loudly cried.  
"This is so sudden!" I replied.

At Millcote Church the parson grave  
Demanded, "Wilt thou this man  
man?"  
But ere the right response I gave,  
A voice re-echoed through the nave,  
"Woe to him!" cried the laird!  
False Rochester," it cried, "desist,  
Or be proclaimed polygamist."

"Ye former marriage vows  
Still I am bound to keep."  
The clergy doffed their stoles and copes,  
All shattered lay my dreams and hopes.

The charge was true. Alas I knew  
How false had been my lover's vows,  
When, at a kind of private view,  
He shyly introduced me to  
His quarter-witted spouse.  
(She tried to bite him in the chest,  
Which did not make me less depressed.)

That night from Thornfield Hall I fled,  
And roamed the country far and wide,  
Till I was rescued, nearly dead,  
Supplied with lodging (board and bed)  
And had my stockings dried,  
By Mr. Rivers, of Marsh End,  
A missionary, but a friend.

But though, with an engaging air,  
He gave me his religious views,  
And then besought me to repair  
To Mandalay with him, and there  
Pervert a few Hindus,  
He could not lure me, with his arts,  
To propagate in foreign parts.

For I had heard that Uncle John,  
Who long enjoyed the poorest health,  
(And whose decease I counted on),  
To a greater clime had gone,  
And left me all his wealth.  
How could I change my single state  
To be a missionary's mate!

An heirless now, to Thornfield Hall,  
My footsteps swiftly I retraced,  
To find, ah me! no house at all!  
The remnant of a ruined wall!  
About a smoking waste!  
And in the ashes of the fire  
No sign of lunatic or squire!

The crumbling floors I quickly crossed,  
And learned at an adjacent farm  
That Edward's accident had cost  
His spouse her life, while he had lost  
Both eyes and half an arm.  
There, all among the pigs he sat;  
But I could tell him by his hat.

"Behold," he cried, "a broken man,"  
(He had, in deed, mislaid some limbs).  
"A might-have-been, an also-ran,  
A remnant—" Just as he began  
To grope for symptoms,  
I clasped him firmly to my breast.  
Dear Reader, you can guess the rest!

# "I FEEL IT MY DUTY To Give You a Statement In Regard To 'Fruit-a-tives'"

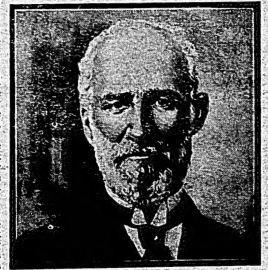
HARDWICK, MIRAMICHI, N.B., Jan. 17th, 1910.

"I feel it my duty to give to you and the world an unsolicited statement in respect to the wonderful cure I received by taking 'Fruit-a-tives.' Chronic Constipation was the complaint I suffered with for years. My general health was miserable as a result of this disease, and I became depressed and alarmed. I was treated by physicians without the slightest permanent benefit, and I tried all kinds of pills and tablets but nothing did me any good.

I saw the strong testimonial in favor of 'Fruit-a-tives' by New Brunswick's 'Grand Old Man', the Hon. John Costigan, and I knew that anything he stated was honest and true and given only to help his fellow-men. I tried 'Fruit-a-tives' and the effects were most marvellous, and now I am entirely well from all my Chronic Constipation that I suffered from for so many years. My general health is one more excellent and I cannot say too much to express my thanks for the great benefits derived from taking 'Fruit-a-tives.'"

A. G. WILLISTON.

"Fruit-a-tives" is not gotten up by druggists or expert chemists—who know nothing about disease and the needs of the human body—but is the scientific discovery of a well known physician, and is the only medicine in the world made of fruit juices. See a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial size, 25c. At all dealers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.



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Capital Paid Up, \$5,400,000.00 Reserve Fund, \$5,400,000.00

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Your Savings Account G. R. F. KIRKPATRICK  
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FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND EMBALMERS  
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